We'll All Have to Be Walking That Way Soon!

## About Plays and Players

and as happens to be one of scattered words.

See tour best curtain-speakers, let's

Rehearents for C. M. Anderson's while we read:

"I have for a long time been of the were a detriment to a play, bese they interrupted the action and

we Gawn by the playwright, but inactors, who have dropped the ear simply as themselves. st, of necessity, in my opinion, heip to destroy the illusion that the playwright and the producer have

ducer, the actors and the manager all have friends in the audience and all these friends applicated vigorously whenever the curtain falls, especially at the end of the climacteric act. They do not realize that nothing is more ernel than undeserved and mistending applicates at a premiere. How often have we seen a manager, in response to such applicate, come on the stage and thank the audience for its cordial reception of the play, and then

estly earned and sincerely called

Rehearsals for G. M. Anderson's "Frivolities of 1919," the first of a series of annual musical reviews by that producer, are under way. The they interrupted the action and "Frivolities" are due to make their the players out of their char-first frivol on Broadway early in Ocwhen curtain calls are taken the and directed by Jean Bedini.

pear with her partner, Lillian Rosedale, with McIntyre and Heath in their musical comedy. "Hello, Alexander," will be one of the singers at

"What's the Idea?" the new musical comedy in which F. V. Peterson stars comedy in which F. V. Peterson stars been striving to create, and anything that tends to destroy the Iliusion must, in the same ratio, tend to hurt the same ratio, tend to hurt the success of the play.

This is particularly true of first nights. The playwright, the producer, the actors and the manager all have friends in the audience and all have friends in the audience and all the manager all the success of the playwright. The producer of th

stage, and thank the audience for its cordial reception of the play, and then drag from the wings the reluctant but waiting author, who stumblingly adds his word of gratitude to that of the manager and says how happy he is to know that his play is a success.

"And in leas than two minutes the members of that self-same audience will be in the lobby saying to one another: Not a chance in the world, or Two weeks and then to the storehouse."

The number of curtain calls is absolutely no indication of the measure of a play's success. For this reason and for the reason previously given, no actor, in any play with which I am nonnected, will take them in New York or on the road except at the end of the play, and then only if they are honestly earned and sincerely called.

Breese a box of cigars.

The following artists have volunteered their services for the testimonial to be tendered Barney Fagan, the veteran minate and dancer, at the Manhattan Opera House on Sunday night, Aug. 31: Raymond Hitcheock, Wille Collier, Mointyre and Heath. Lew Dockstader. Louise Dresser, Eddie Leonard, Ned Wayburn, Andrew Mack, Frank Sheridan, Hofbroot: Blinn. Burr MacIntosh, George Wilson, Bert Williams, Julius P. Williams, Julius P. Williams, Julius P. William, Robert Hilliard, Charles K. Harris, Grace LaRue, Bert Levy, Thurston, the magistian; Keith's Boys' Band of 100, Evn Tanguay, Bernard Granville, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburns, Blanche Ring and Frank Tannehill.

As a last thought: Going to the

Cries of "Authori" and then, per-as goin" to Brookivn.

## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



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## The Day's Good Stories

CHE MAD

managed to squeeza a number four foot into a number two shoa."—Life.

NOT TOO GOOD FOR ENERY. from the corner house. "I'm the following as a sample:

"Yes, dead and buried, 'e is, too," said the widow, drying her eyes with corner of her apron. "Eh! bless I gev 'im a good funeral; 'e 'ad

"'Ow did yer manage to feed all them?" gasped Mrs. Huggins. "Well, ter tell you the 'onest truth,

Tre. Huggins, I couldn't get food no 'ew, an' I didn't like to seem mean, 'con 'Enery, bless 'im, was well insured. When we come back from the tery I upe an' tell 'em to go home their tea, an' then come back 'ere. to show 'em ft wasn't meanness, I 'em all to the 'Ippedrome and violently. paid for 'em. Poor 'Enery, it was a im, bless 'im!"—London Tit-Bita. was hanged," he explained,—Tit-Bita.



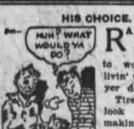
I Jim mar- M ried a woman with a mil-

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DAGGED ROGERS-If yer had livin' what would Tired Tim-I'd look fer a job

makin' spectacles fer eye teeth.

A BIT OF ENGLISH HUMOR. HEY were speaking of English humor, and the Englishman now dwelling in Pittsburgh offered

He was riding on a London trameau the rear of a car just ahead. Both swore at one another violently as the cars moved slowly through a congested street. Finally, being bested in the verbal battle, the conductor tled a piece of string around the end of a lead pencil and then dangled the pencil toward the driver. The latter became more vituperative than ever. keeping up his harangue until the front car turned into another street. The Englishman said he was curious, and asked the driver why the dangling pencil had made him swear so

"Oh, that is just a little joke be-

THE PROBLEM SOLVED. RS. RULEM-Your husband is still as devoted as a lover. I

don't see how you manage. Mrs. Kissem - It's very simple. lion in her own When he comes home late I always pretend to be asleep; when he has a "So be did, but headache in the morning, I tell him hasn't been he is overworked; when he leaves his able to get his hat in the parlor, his overcoat in the right on any of dining room and his overshoes upand so he's left."-Detroit Free stairs, I quietly gather them up and put them in the front hall; and when we go to the theatre I never forget to suggest that he should improve the shining hours between the acts by going out and talking business with his customers. Oh, it's easy enough to keep a man devoted, if you only know how.-Buffalo Express."

A N amateur sailor was making tic, and was in the throes of mal de mer when the ship's surgeon

came across him. "What's the matter?" was the doc tor's callous query.

"O-o-oh," was the only response as the young man rolled over in agony. "Come, get up," derided the surgeon, grinning unfeelingly. "The ship's been torpedoed and will sink in

ten minutes." "Ten minutes?" the sick man pro-tested, feebly. "Can't you make it any sooner?"—London Itam.









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And That Wasn't Adam's Fault!

lokets

